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AVALON

Arts and Entertainment

"The Lost Edition"

Volume V, No. 1

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Avalon, as a supplement to *The Chart*, is published by Missouri Southern State College's communications department. It serves as a laboratory experience to its staff and a forum for writers, artists, and photographers at Missouri Southern.

Persons wanting to submit material (artwork, photographs, short stories, essays, poetry, and book reviews) may do so by dropping it by *The Chart* office, Room 117, Hearnes Hall.

Avalon will only publish submissions from students, faculty members, and staff members at Missouri Southern. Also accepted may be submissions from Missouri Southern alumni—on a limited basis.

Artwork and photographs submitted must be ready for publication. Size alterations may be made on such pieces in order to make the material fit within Avalon's pages. Literary material submitted must be in a legible format (typewritten is preferred).

Error-ridden literature submissions may be returned to the author for correction prior to publication. Avalon makes it its policy to correct typographical and grammatical errors within literature submissions.

Avalon claims one-time publication rights to work appearing in its pages.

Volume V, Number 1
October 19, 1989

Ramble On

Three cheers and a Lion for the first edition of *Avalon* this semester! It's a big 20 pages with lots of good stuff in it. What kind of stuff? MUSIC REVIEWS, (looks good in all capitals, doesn't it?) book reviews, art, and literature.

We added music reviews to this publication because of a brilliant bit of inspiration on the part of one of our staff members (namely, Steve Moore). That idea was "Hey, music is art, too." Gee, I never really thought of music in that sense. To me, music was what I played on various devices for about 20 hours a day.

But greater heads prevailed, and I eventually saw the light. Music, in any style, is an art form, and should be given the proper respect it deserves. In my humble opinion, that respect can be shown by devoting some of the space of this publication to critical reviews of all styles of music. From rock to dance, to jazz, to rhythm and blues, music will be appearing in these pages.

To make this magazine more palatable to a college audience, we have an entire page devoted to dance music. Our contributing editor, Chris Clark, is a dance club maniac, and anytime he can get away from the paper, he hits the dance club scene in Kansas City. So it makes good sense to have a man this devoted to a musical style as editor, and main contributor, of "B.P.M." which stands for "Beats Per Minute."

Now just a minute before you say "Ford's gone off the deep end this time," there's just one thing to be said. That is, this fine publication is still devoted to literature and art, as well as music and photography and...hey, name it, and we just might have it.

Did you happen to notice the cover of this magazine, perchance? No? Well, look at it.

Did you look at it? Who is that? The Lone Ranger? It's "Mr. Sonic" himself, Frankie Avalon. Mark Ancell, one of our staff photographers, thought this would make an interesting play on words, and he just happened to have gotten some shots of Mr. Avalon while he was in town... here 'tis.

Mark A. is also a big fan of aviation, so he, a friend named Chuck, and I recently took a cruise to Chanute to see an airshow. However, the biggest attraction was an awesome MONSTER TRUCK, which ran on jet fuel. The resulting photos of this spectacle appear on pages 10 and 11.

Take a peek at our back cover, and you'll see a brilliant pencil work by Hsiao-Hui Lin. This is just another example of *Avalon's* commitment to the arts.

If you've read this far, you are probably saying, "What about poems? Do you still have poetry?" Oh yes, we do. In many styles of it, rhyming, nonrhyming, tanka, haiku, and something really different—concrete. Concrete? Is it something you walk on? Yes, but it's also poetry. In a way, it's unique.

Another unique work is Charles Stephens' "The Spirit," which is loose verse in the form of a story. Check out Kenneth Henson's "The Grand Old One," which was written in memory of Victoria Scott.

Well, have fun reading this magazine, because we've had a blast putting it together for you.

Peace.

John L. Ford

Cover photo by
Mark Ancell

Graphics by
the 'Avalon' staff

The Wordster

—What are words for
When no one listens anymore— Missing Persons

We all listen to words but we don't always hear what is said. While some words are paid much undue attention, other words go unheard.

While those who speak out are sometimes ridiculed for taking advantage of their particular position in order to be heard, others may speak of what should be done in a given situation, not willing to take the action required to follow through on their talk.

Men and women have undoubtedly been killed (or their lives have been endangered) because of their words, words which may have led to action or words intended to simply activate a sense of consciousness.

Action is stronger than words.

Is Abraham Lincoln remembered for action taken leading to freedom for humans enslaved by fellow humans, or is he more (or equally) remembered for words spoken by him in the Gettysburg Address?

Is Martin Luther King Jr. remembered for his civil rights stance and marches for freedom of all peoples, or is he more (or equally) remembered for the words spoken by him in the "I have a dream" speech?

When John Lennon is remembered, is he remembered for the act of being an outspoken person of (and for) his

generation—for the act of a "love-in for peace" or more (or equally) remembered for actually speaking with the words to his songs such as *Give Peace a Chance*, *Imagine*, and *Woman is the Nigger of the World*?

In some instances, action is actually weaker than words. The action taken against these three public persons—otherwise private citizens—lack the action taken by the killers they would have faded with obscurity—their actions were weak to say the least. The consequences of their actions, however, were strong.

A picture is worth 1000 words.

Could not a sunset be described in not as many words? A picture (photograph) may record a particular scene at a particular time. Words used in describing a sunset, however, could be related to any sunset on any given day at any imaginable location.

One thousand words are worth at least five pictures. Just writing the words would take up as much space as five pictures.

—Pretty words don't mean much anymore.—Elvis Costello

Words alone mean nothing. The meaning being derived through whatever significance a person gives to words. Words spoken or words read, we may hear only what we want to hear, or we may read something undecipherable, absolutely nothing.

Mike L. Mallory

Five Minutes Till Destruction

short fiction by Daniel Spain

"Five minutes..." came the voice over the intercom, "until destruction of the city of Los Fuegos..." The voice was uncaring. So far since the decree by the United Nations, seventy-six cities—men, women, children—had been destroyed to make room for the new masses which were arriving daily. Logan Reynolds sat quietly at his window. Far from the streets people were fighting, cursing, and praying. Hundreds had lost their lives being smashed against the unyielding city wall. Priests prayed for lost souls, suffering souls, and the souls of those yet to be born. Many of the people blamed the priests for what was happening to the city.

"Why has God not stopped the slaughter?" he would ask.

"Where is the Savior now?" shouted others. The priests did their best to explain that if a person was saved then he would be going to a far better place very soon.

The door to Logan's apartment swung open. Standing at the door was Father Ricco Mullin. Father Mullin had been the priest who sprinkled precious drops of water onto the head of Logan Reynolds. Logan turned his head towards the entrance. A grim look was instilled on Father Mullin's face.

"Father..." Logan started to ask the priest what he wanted, but the Father raised his hand to silence him.

"I've been checking my flock," he said, "sometimes my sheep graze in foreign lands. I want to make sure they are still alive and healthy."

"I'm sorry Father, I..." Logan started but was cut off by the announcement of four minutes until destruction of Los Fuegos.

"You need to explain my son," said the priest in a stern tone. "I just want to know if I will see you later on this afternoon."

"I'll be there Father—with bells on." Father Mullin smiled as he rushed out the door and the others in his flock.

"Logan!" cried a voice. "Logan!"

"Yes Jeramiah, I am here!" Logan's younger brother appeared in the doorway. He was eighteen, young, and strong, full of life—such a waste.

"Logan..." he started, but paused as his brother got up from his chair. "I wanted to tell you that even though we haven't always gotten along that I...well...I love you."

"I love you too Jeramiah," replied Logan.

"You do!" shouted Jeramiah with joy. "Then all is forgiven?"

"All is forgiven," answered Logan. The intercom crackled and announced three minutes until the destruction of the city.

"I'm sorry Father, I..." Logan started but was cut off by the announcement of four minutes until the destruction of Los Fuegos.

"I must go back to my wife," said Jeramiah.

"Comfort her my brother!" Logan shouted as his brother ran out the door.

"I will!" was the answer.

"Three minutes!" thought Logan as he returned to his chair and the window.

The people in the streets were worse than ever. Several priests were now hanging from the lamp-posts. Shouts of hate rose through the air like an evil spirit rising to meet its destructor.

"Logan!" cried a voice from below. "Logan it is I—Peter!"

Logan leaned out the window. He saw the upper portion of his best friend sticking out of his window one story below.

"Peter," said Logan, "How is your family doing?"

"The little ones do not understand; but my wife—she can't stop crying. Such a terrible thing

to end the lives of three souls before they get a chance to taste the world."

"I know Peter," Logan replied, "My brother's wife is pregnant. That soul will never breathe air—it is a crime—it is murder!"

"Yes, my friend..." started Peter, but he was cut off by the sound of the intercom announcing two minutes until the destruction of Los Fuegos.

"Take care of them Peter!" cried Logan, "and give them my love!"

"Yes, I will my friend!" shouted Peter as he disappeared back through the window.

Logan sat back in his chair. The thought of spending the last two minutes of his life frightened him. At twenty-eight, he had been living on his own for a decade. It wasn't a decade of solitude. He had friends, Peter and several others. The people in his church welcomed him whenever he attended. He was happy, content with the world. In the last few minutes he had made peace with his brother, and himself almost. There was just one thing that still bothered him—one person—Robin Miranda.

"One minute until the destruction," announced the intercom, "of the city of Los Fuegos."

"Logan," a voice came from behind him.

"Yes?" He turned around. He then saw the figure of the only woman he ever thought about living the rest of his life with. Now it looked like he would.

"I had to come," she said.

"I'm glad you did," he said.

They hugged, they kissed, and they held each other for forty seconds.

"10..." came the cold intercom voice, "9...8...7...6..."

"I love you," were Robin's last words.

"I love you too," were Logan's.

"We hate you!" were the last words of the people in the streets.

"2...1..." went the voice, "and in a slightly sad tone, 'God bless you, goodbye.'"

Los Fuegos—City of Fire

The Walls Have Ears

short fiction by Bryan Brown

The morning light shined on the inconceivable house. It was once the stir of the neighborhood, but now its past has faded and grown out of touch with the times. It had a colorful past which would live on in the memories of many people that had inhabited its walls. If only the walls could talk; but little do we know, they do.

The Walls Have Ears

continued from page 3

I ventured into the old abandoned shelter on a stormy night that brought a sudden downpour that drenched me. I ran to the nearest building in search of a dry place to stay for the time being. The rain continued to saturate the outside world (and a little of the inside house, too). I sat in the middle of a room which had many pictures adorning the walls. I found a few matches in my pocket and looked for some paper, or wood, or anything that was flammable. I scurried around on the floor where I found a stack of old newspapers. I lit one in hopes of being able to survey my unfamiliar surroundings. As the one newspaper slowly burned, I heard a distant moaning like the painful howling of an injured animal. I rushed around grabbing everything middle of the room and threw a match among the numerous papers. As the outside world soaked up the rain thirstily, I sat on an aged davenport which showed plenty of wear. The interior of the room, which seemed to be a living room, was apparently worn with time. As I watched the burning papers, the ceiling seemingly opened up and attempted to deprive me of my warmth and light. When the fire was extinguished, I journeyed to the front porch and ripped a rotted board from the house's entrance.

As the board finally gave way, I heard a muffled scream. I returned to the remnants of the fire. I flung the ashes across the room in hopes of finding a piece of paper to ignite the decayed lumber. At the bottom of the stack I found an ancient paper. I set the paper ablaze in a feeble attempt to create a torch. Eventually the plank caught on fire. I journeyed through the once-active dwelling. The pictures coincided with the atmosphere. The world seemed different as I treaded down the hallway. The storm seemed to end, but I still could hear the rain. I walked down the corridor and at the end was a long, spiral staircase that circled up to the second floor.

I returned to my original starting point where I observed the paintings and pictures that lined the interior walls. I noticed a small bottle that was filled with some type of liquid. When I opened the bottle, the horrid smell of aged alcohol wafted into my nostrils and made my eyes water temporarily. As I turned the light towards the barren floor, I noticed that on the wall above the bottle's original resting place was a very provocative painting of a lady scantily garbed, much like the paintings that hung over the bars in days gone by. I glanced to the left where I found a small bar which beckoned me forth. As I approached it, the atmosphere changed. As I glanced around, I saw a stage behind me, where hung a large curtain. Then a man came into the room and asked if I had seen any cattle rustlers around. I stared at his strange clothing and thought "what an imagination I have," then answered no to the man dress-

ed in cowboy wear. Another man approached the cowhand and pulled a gun on him. As he turned to face his opposition, a shot rang out and echoed in hallways filled with other cowboys wearing chaps, spurs, and cowboy hats. As my inquisitor lay on the floor, I felt such tremendous hatred for the executor I pulled out a gun and shot him point blank. I strolled over to the bar and picked up a bottle which rested on the counter and threw it across the room. The bottle shattered on the floor across from the small pile of ashes that had originally occupied the floor.

As I stared at the bottle, I noticed distant laughter in the hallway. Outside a cloud burst and the thunder rolled as I trampled toward

deep despair. He turned to her and a gun from the waist of his torn coat. He laughed and rested his finger on the trigger. "How in the world could he even be killing this loving woman?" I thought. I thought apparent how much she cared for her father's money one way or another. This way seemed easiest. I ran up the stairs with as much speed as I could muster. I fell at the man's feet and he fell over me. The lovely lady let out a scream as she watched her husband's certain doom. She ran to observe the departed male, but as she reached the stairs, the lamps became invisible.

A heavy hood covered the man's face, and in front of him lay two stacks of paper. A rough, strenuous voice found its way into my hearing range.

the laughter. I stumbled upon a small child's toy laying in the hall. As I fell, the colors blurred and became a putrid olive color, and a boy's voice could be heard. I ran to see what was the matter. I opened a door which was slightly ajar on my right. There, to my surprise, knelt a young boy in knickers begging to an outrageously huge man to forgive him. I stood there, mute with shock, as the man stepped to the wall and removed a bullwhip which hung there. As he attempted to hit the child, I couldn't control my urges any longer, so I grabbed the whip that was held firmly in the man's hand. He turned to me and said the boy was his son and I shouldn't get involved with his business. He turned to his son and swore that the next time the boy left his damned toys lying in the hall, he would never survive. As he again attempted to whip the boy, I yanked the whip from the man's hand and grabbed it firmly in both of mine. As I wrapped the leather strip around his neck, the boy stared. When the man released his final breath, the boy lifted the small toy and handed it to me. As I attempted to exit the room I fell face first into the hallway.

I awoke on the floor, staring at the toy that had tripped me in my hurry to intercept the individual which also inhabited the seemingly vacant house. As I stood in the hallway, the laughter became more hideous and increasingly louder. It was apparently coming from the top of the spiral staircase. I approached the winding entrance to the second floor, taking my time to make sure of my footing. But as I ascended the steps into darkness, the scene changed again. At the top of the stairs was a man dressed in shabby clothes, yelling at a person that was not visible to me. He shouted something about going to California, finding gold, and getting away from this miserable place. Around the corner came a woman in a very delicate hoop skirt with long hair streaming down in her face. She ran toward the miserable looking man as he started toward his descent down the passage way. I could hear her crying and sighing in

I lay there at the top of the stairs, staring in horror at the barren corridor. I could hear the laughter multiply and become more vivid. I now knew where it was; the laughter of my journey lay within the attic. But how could I be able to get in there? I composed myself and quietly paced down the floor to the stairs which marked the end of my adventure. I reached forward prepared for the worst. At the window behind the stairs, I reached, reaching the stairs, I went to the door. I opened the door to look at the progress of the storm. But as I peered at the entrance, the door disappeared and became a dark void. I turned and saw two gentlemen in suits and coats and impressive top hats. They were talking and I was eavesdropping on their conversation. They mentioned this was the big night they would be in. I wanted to see again for seventy-two years. They started to talk about their business. They had created together and and how they were about to buckle under to the trust. They mentioned which had been approved by Roosevelt. Then the man with the mustache stepped back and mentioned to the other man that he had insured the business. One of them should happen to die. The other man started to run toward the door. The man with the mustache. I couldn't help but scream at the other man to "wait". He turned around, and as he did, the other man tried to stop but skidded out of the door. Then a bright light flashed through the sky. As I stood there staring out the window.

Lightning flashed across the sky, awakened me from my last trance. I was there at the foot of the steps, slowly moving one foot in front of the other. In the distance, a figure which stood in a shroud of darkness. A heavy hood covered the man's face. In front of him lay two stacks of paper. A rough, strenuous voice found its way into my hearing range.

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THE OPEN BOOK

MIKE L. MALLORY
STANT EDITOR

The Lost Writings of Jim Morrison, Wilderness, Volume I (Villiard Books, November, 1988), 214 pages, in hardback, \$12.95, Jim Morrison

For someone who has not been alive for more than 18 years, Jim Morrison continues to remain one of the most popular and widely read stars today.

Every few years a new book is written about Jim Morrison. The contents of one of the latest books,

The Lost Writings of Jim Morrison—Wilderness Volume I, was written by poet/singer/rebel

himself. Morrison's band, The Doors, released their first album in 1967. With its roots and support in the L.A. underground music scene, the success of the debut, containing no. 1 single, Light My Fire—written, not by Morrison, but by Doors guitarist Robby Krieger—propelled the group into the rock and roll night. Leaving behind forever their cult-band status, The Doors went on to become one of the most popular American rock bands in rock and



roll's relatively brief history.

After the release of *L.A. Woman*, the seventh and one of the most successful Doors albums, a wearied and perhaps disillusioned Morrison announced he was leaving the band to take a long rest. He then went to live in Paris.

Throughout *The Doors* successes, Morrison, ever the seeker, continued to live closer and closer to the edge, occasionally stepping over it. His blatant substance abuse has been well documented, in Danny Sugarman's book, *No One Here Gets Out Alive*, among others. Morrison's death in Paris on July 3, 1971 of a heart attack in his bath was undoubtedly contributed to by his overindulgences in alcohol and in life.

Since his death there have been occasional rumors of Morrison having written some of his best works ever while living in Paris. Without the demands of the product-hungry music business Morrison was free to write, a talent which he never really had an opportunity to fully develop in his short lifetime. If such writings do exist, publication of them would sustain the legend which Morrison has become.

Whatever respect Morrison has attained as an artist is a result of his use of words. From the first album, *The Doors*, to the last album recorded by the band while Morrison was still living, *L.A. Woman*, Morrison's lyrics retained impact, imagination, bleakness and sensuality.

Along with the release of *The Lost Writings of Jim Morrison* arises questions concerning the

amount of material written by Morrison which actually exists.

In the forward to the book it is stated that its contents were compiled from more than sixteen hundred pages of notes, notebook pages, and diary entries willed by Jim Morrison to his wife Pamela Courson. Courson died in 1974. The rights to the estate were settled in 1980. Courson's parents, along with Morrison's friends Frank and Kathy Lisciandros, compiled the works, taking eight years to sort through and decipher the pages.

The Lost Writings of Jim Morrison has been designed with the intention of presenting the material as it was originally written by Morrison. The spacing and placement on the page are done in a way which represents the actual entries made by Morrison in his notebooks, diaries, etc.

The selections represent an extensive range of writings, from autobiographical reflections, to often cynical and startling observations of life.

Also included are some never-before-published photos of Morrison, along with facsimiles of actual pages handwritten by Morrison.

Whether or not Morrison intended for all of the material in this edition to be published is questionable. The inclusion of the more personal entries does, however, lend insight into the life and mind of Jim Morrison.

In Jim Morrison's own words "If my poetry aims to achieve anything it's to deliver people from the limited ways in which they see and feel."

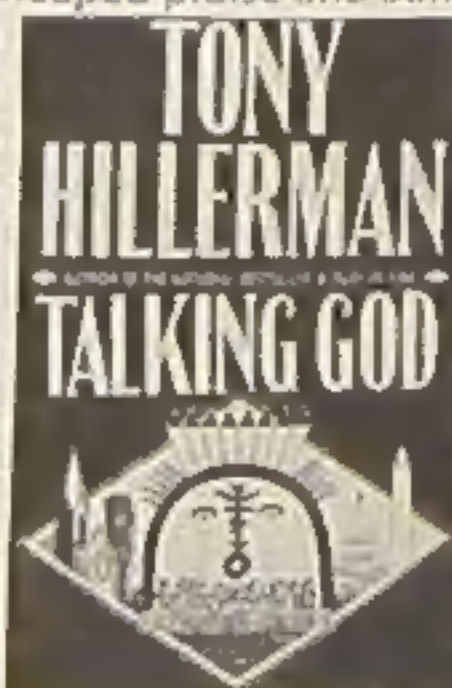
TIMMY L. SEXTON
STANT EDITOR

Talking God (Harper & Row, 1989), 239 pages, currently available only in hardback, \$17.95, by Tony Hillerman.

Mystery thrillers should read with suspense and intrigue, but for Tony Hillerman's latest latest foray into the Navajo world, *Talking God* would be more aptly titled *Sleeping God*.

Though several highly respected newspapers of the country have heaped praise and admiration upon Hillerman's skillful and probing work into western Indian life, *Talking God* is at its best when compared to Hillerman's previous literary ventures which include *Skin-ners* (voted best mystery of 1987), *A Thief in Time*, *Listening Man*, and *Dance Hall Dead*.

"Sleeping god" begins when Catherine Morris Perry receives a package via Federal Express containing the skeletal remains of her grandparents. Perry is the



temporary assistant counsel for the Museum of Natural History and was given these bones by Henry Highhawk, a conservator with the same museum who viewed that by digging up these two skeletons he could demand the release of the skeletal remains of two of his ancestors. A warrant is immediately issued for Highhawk's apprehension.

Meanwhile, Agnes Tsosie, an old Indian woman, is told she is dying and nothing can be done for her. However, an ancient Indian ceremony, called a Yeibichai, is staged in New Mexico to restore Tsosie to "harmony and beauty," and it is here that Highhawk is finally arrested by tribal police officer Jim Chee.

Seemingly unrelated to the Highhawk case is Lieutenant Joe Leaphorn's investigation into the nearby murder of a man whose body has been wiped clean of all identification and was found near the railroad.

If *Talking God's* readers continue past this stage of the story, they will eventually discover that Highhawk is wanted by more than just the police and that the two officers' investigations are interestingly more closely related than they first believed.

Hillerman is a portrayer of the natural, realistic things that life used to be, and in some ways still is. Extensive research was conducted in preparation for this fictional work, but not enough thought

was put into the actions and personalities of the characters. A murder of a white man near an Indian reservation is a perfect plot for a mystery, but only if more white men are involved with the investigation. *God* needs more interaction between the white man and the Indians. A close-working relationship between the two customs would generate more interest and a deeper love for the story because the author is dealing with two different worlds, one investigating the other, often with bitter feelings and high-running emotions spilling over.

When it is said and done, *Talking God* reeks of Indian terminology which is littered throughout the book and serves not only to confuse and bewilder the reader, but to send them running to their "Navajo/English" dictionary to find out what Hillerman is talking about.

Unless you have an extensive background of Navajo lore, or an honest yearning for Indian customs, stay away from *Talking God*. It is not worth the required effort.

Granted, Hillerman's previous pieces of work have been very methodical and finely detailed, but *God* reads like a rocky, downhill path with nowhere to run. Maybe some of Hillerman's readers will be able to forget his latest adventure and keep their heads up in anticipation of his next "masterpiece."



Autumn Dawn

*Smoke slowly rising
from chimneys all around us
Autumn is dawning*

T. Rob Brown



Mornings

*Alarm is ringing,
wakening early is hard,
the sun shimmers in
glistening through the window
the sky is clear and lovely*

T. Rob Brown

Stars

*Millions of years old,
colorful and shining bright
the stars in the sky
maybe long gone, maybe
their light keeps coming*

T. Rob Brown



Far East Postcards

photos by
Darrell Shearer

BEATS PER MINUTE

by Christopher A. Clark

Forget Bobby Brown. Forget Jody Watley. Forget Kylie Minogue and Debbie Gibson, too.

There's no place to dance in poplin (Sorry Park Place, but no way) and to find the best progressive and alternative dance music, you have to make trax to Camelot's 12-inch section or Camelot's alternative section. Even then, it takes some work. You have to take chances and be willing to suffer through some crap choices. God knows we can't depend on the radio and the grooves from Rob Bass and DJ E-Rock are wearing thin. Is there nowhere to turn? Fear not, beat freaks.

THE COLOSSEUM CRASH (12")/ Split Second

SOME HAVE TO DANCE... SOME HAVE TO KILL (12")/ Thrill Kill Kult

Wax Trax Records

Industrial dance, factory beat; all it what you will. Wax Trax and A Split Second and My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult have found a formula and never leave for a moment.

The pounding aerobic beats of industrial dance are not lost here. For those new to the genre, picture this: a man in his early twenties, who has lost sight of the ideal of life, finds a sledgehammer, beats it against the pavement, and adds reverberation. After yet, imagine banging your head against a steel pole in one-quarter time. If Rambo dances, this is what he listens to. Look for it. It's an experience.

EVER (12")/ Red Flag

Sigma Records

Depeche Mode and camouflage soundalikes. Need I more?

JIVE PRESENTS ACID HOUSE/ Various Artists

Jive Records

They say acid house is dying in England, so we should only give it about 6 months stateside. Nevertheless, Jive has assembled an impressive cross section of house music, sticking nearly 40 minutes of ska, rap and acid house onto a specially priced 12-inch. If you're into every sound a keyboard could possibly make, and a beat, you're into acid house.

CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION (12")/ Baby Furd

Sire Records

Sire Records

Classic Euro-beat with a Dead or Alive feel. There are multiple versions of the main track, which is a given with 12-inch music. However, unlike most 12-inch vinyl, the versions are noticeably different. Give this guy a chance. He looks femme, but he means well.

STAND UP (12")/ Underworld

Sire Records

Underworld, the group that delivered the seamy "Underneath the Radar" comes back with "Stand Up," a song which has a point to make. Find your own political message here, but whatever you do, give this vinyl a listen.

TO THE BAYMOBILE, LET'S GO/ The Todd Terry Project

Fresh Records

Todd Terry's *Just Wanna Dance* was the perfect example of a No. 1 club hit. It mixed rap with a heavier than usual beat. A sort of Euro-beat meets Public Enemy dance venture. It did reach No. 1 while laying the path for more hits off the Project's "To The Baymobile, Let's Go." *Weekend and Back to the Beat* are favorites. As with many dance hits, the songs are sometimes sample-ridden, but not enough to hinder the beat.

COUNTERFEIT E.P./ Martin Gore

Sire Records

Depeche Mode frontman Martin Gore gives us mood music to puke by on this 6-song e.p. Gore is not fooling anybody by using pretentious lyrics and slow-tempo ballad beats to show us his vulnerable side. Those expecting a usual Mode side-show full of fast and furious dance-floor decadence need not look here.

IT'S DEAD, JIM/ Confidential All-Stars

Confidential Records

This indie label's effort at mock dance (a la Kon Kan, Edelweiss) is at best funny, but dance-functional? You betcha, and four mixes are provided for your programming pleasure. For all of its Star Trek-rap music glory, it's still a tough sell at the clubs, but I like it. Finding this one is a b****, as you may have to order it from the factory itself.

New 12" Releases

DEPECHE MODE

Personal Jesus

ERASURE

Drama!

LIZA MINELLI

Driving Me Crazy

TECHNOTRONIC

Pump Up the Jam

THE CLUB I WENT TO LAST WEEKEND WAS PLAYING...

Vanishing Point/New Order... Don't ask me where the DJ picked up the 12-inch for this one. The third track on side two of N.O.'s "Technique" is nowhere to be found. It's got to be an import... Count 2 Ten and Pray/Dead or Alive... Definitely must have been an in-house mix of this first track from DOA's "Nude" LP, because finding this 12-inch is also not proving fruitful... Deep In Vogue/Malcom McLaren... supposedly a tribute to New York house music. I call it a tribute to Sominex... Pretty Boys and Pretty Girls/Book of Love... A club staple, but do the bi-sexuals get the point?... and what would a club be if it didn't spin Behind the Wheel—Route 66 by Depeche Mode? Different, that's what... Driving Me Crazy/Liza Minelli... Produced by the Pet Shop Boys, this is a most unlikely, but likable pair.

12-INCH REVIEWS

My Gallery

Some gather art
All in a line
But I collect men
In the frame of my mind

Each one I label
With a special trait
And engrave deep
Their separate fate.

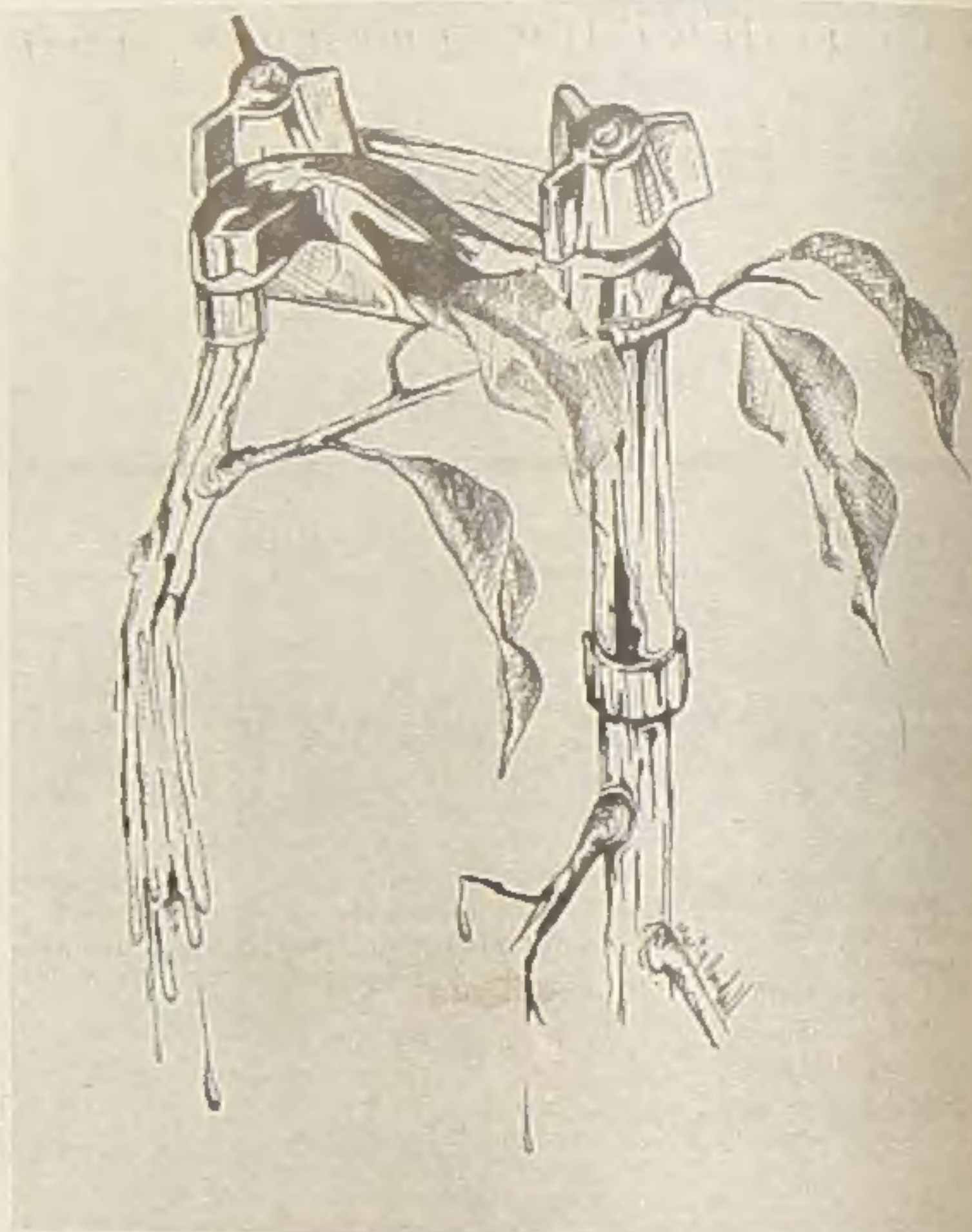
As I search
Throughout my gallery
I remember what
Each meant to me

Still my collection
Is not complete
There's yet room
For many more to meet

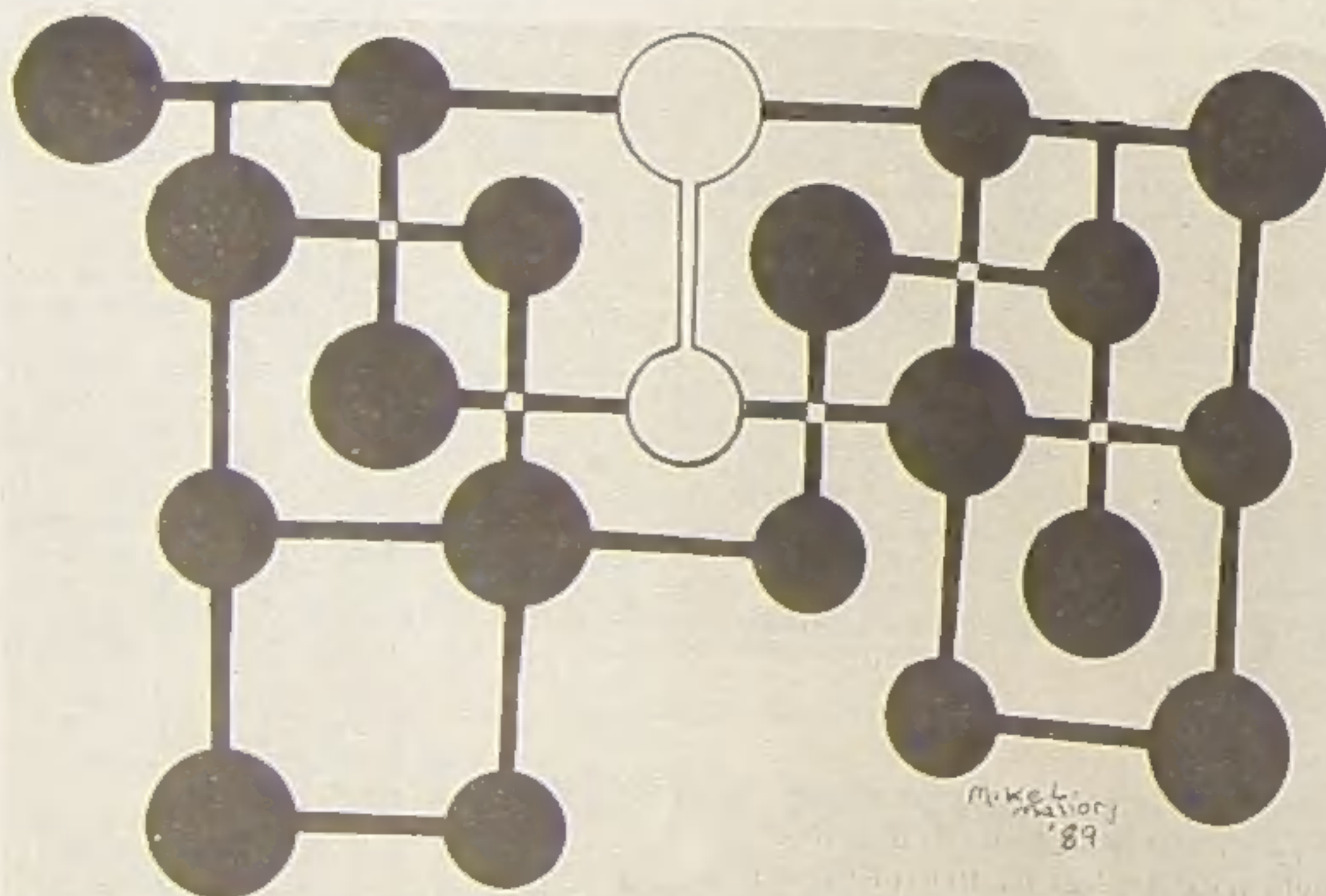
I continue my quest
For the perfect face
With a mind to
Match with perfect grace

Although for now
I must strive
I will find the one
That will be my prize.

Angela Brasfield



"How to Water a Plant" Marty Pa



"Misaligned Motion" Mike L. Mallory

Untitled

Gray hair
Wrinkled brow
The weight of family
Tiresome
Yet rejuvenating
Moments shared
Twinkle in an eye
Raised eyebrow
Flick of a finger
Spoken words, unnecessary
Repertoire
Cards of life
Falling away
Hearts
Diamonds
Clubs
Spades
Com'ere Jack
Will a Jill do????

Kenneth J. Paylor

Never mind the ballads, here's Steve Jones

music review

Drugs suck, as the title of the song from Steve Jones' first solo effort, *Mercy*, proclaims. Steve Jones used to do drugs. Steve Jones doesn't do drugs anymore. Jones' ex-band-mate Sid Vicious used to do drugs too. Sid Vicious doesn't do drugs anymore. Sid Vicious is dead. Steve Jones is alive and kicking. Punk Rock—never really more than a fashion statement in the United States—was a kick to the music establishment and record industry. Jones' band, *The Sex Pistols*, were the kicker. Steve Jones wore the boots with the biggest heels, standing tall above other guitarists of the punk generation.

With record labels seeing dollar signs, new bands were added to their rosters, and a new generation of rockers looking for direction, a sense of what this punk music was about, had Steve Jones' guitar-sonics to look to as an example.

Punk rock conjures up images of purple and orange hair, safety pins, and spit. Steve Jones somehow doesn't seem to fit the stereotypical punk image. His post-Pistols music can't really be considered punk rock.

With the image consciousness of the MTV generation, Steve Jones is making an effort to just be himself with his music and

with his videos.

On his latest effort, *Fire and Gasoline*, Jones is either burning, or burning out, searching for fuel to ignite his fire.

Included in this set is the Pistols song, "I Did U No Wrong," with assistance on vocals offered by W. Axl Rose, lead vocal man for *Guns-n-Roses*, and Ian Astbury from *The Cult*. Nikki Sixx of *Motley Crue* shares songwriting credit on the lyrically directionless cut, "We're Not Saints."

A title considered by Jones for this album was, *Never Mind The Ballads*, an allusion to the Pistols album title, *Never Mind The Bollocks*. Throughout the 11

songs on the recording, the pace never lets up, allowing Jones to execute his own brand of generic rock/metal/head-banging fretwork.

"Freedom Fighter," the first video release is receiving moderate airplay on the music television channel.

Listening to this song, with the chorus—I'm a freedom fighter here I come/ I'm a Human racer watch me run/ I'm a pain reliever/ I'm a firm believer/ I'm a freedom fighter/ Here I come—could make one wonder what Jones is fighting for: freedom of self-expression, freedom from drugs, freedom of religious conviction, or freedom to make a buck in

the rock biz.

A song is just a song, and its words—merely wheels on which to get the song rolling. To take any artists' words to mean more than expression of a brief moment in their creativity—more than the words mean to the artists themselves—is to limit the enjoyment of the music.

Steve Jones' new album *Fire and Gasoline*, unlike his first solo effort, *Mercy*, makes exclusive use of the guitar on every cut. There are no keyboards on any of the tracks. The songs are less introspective, more rocking.

Steve Jones doesn't do drugs, but he could have a hit with *Fire and Gasoline*.

Mike L. Mallory

Prose and Poetry

The Grand Old Tree

A Memorial to Victoria Scott

by Kenneth Henson

A leaf fell from the tree today. It floated gracefully to the ground. It was not the first that has fallen from this grand old tree, as the tree has survived for many years. As the years progress, leaves are always being produced. But unfortunately, every now and then a leaf has to fall to make room for the new ones. When a leaf falls, the tree never forgets even one leaf in all of its history. To remember, the tree places a scar where the leaf was. Each leaf is important to the tree. No, it is not perfect, as some of the leaves are blighted or damaged. To the tree that doesn't matter as it takes all of the leaves to make the tree complete.

The tree from which I speak is a grand old tree. It has a rich heritage. It also has a few twisted limbs on it, but top the tree that just gives it character. I am proud to be a leaf on this tree, as it is my family tree, which will grow and grow from here to eternity.

Goodbye Eighties

What a wild age we live in
Man-made birds break the sky
We survived the dark of outer space
But get a kiss and then you die

Man-made bombs of anger and atoms
Ring the Sunday morning bell
Some mad brother's endless quest
To burn the earth into a hell

Angels sing onto the airwaves
Getting high in all the rage
"Religion feeds on dollar bills"
Screams the Sunday morning sage

Heroes fallen in the dust
Phoenix rises from the flame
When mad houses are a must
We sit back and enjoy the game

Greg Hoover

MONSTER TRUCK!



With whirling propellers and the whine of jet turbine engines, the Southeast Kansas Airshow kicked off a full schedule of aviation events on Sept. 10.

Aviators from around the United States came to Chanute to exhibit their talents and gather with fellow flyers. Vintage, modern, and miniature aircraft alike flew in the show, while parachutists dropped from dizzying heights.

However, the most popular exhibit wasn't an aircraft; no, it was landbased. Les Shockley's triple-engine jet-powered truck, "Shockwave," delighted spectators with a display of pyrotechnics, as well as its ability to outrun an aircraft.

The large tractor-trailer rig backed up to a tower of three wrecked cars stacked at the runway's end, and, after many careful checks of the stunt by its pitcrew, staged an awesome burnout.

The top car, an old Datsun, went flying during the truck's second burnout. As the cars began to heat up, the bottom car, a '56 Ford, buckled under the weight of a Monte Carlo, which was sandwiched between the Ford and Datsun.

As the driver hit the afterburners on the rig during the burnouts, the concussions emitting from it knocked spectators out of their lawnchairs. To me, it felt like someone slamming into me during a "friendly" game of tackle football.

After all of the airshow events, including

a dual demonstration of aerobatics by Bob and Jackie Heerendeen, a husband and wife flying team, the truck staged one final stunt. Bob Heerendeen clambered into his experimental Glasair aircraft, one of the fastest propeller aircraft in the world, and Les Shockley mounted up his "Shockwave." Together, they conducted one of the strangest contests ever. Shockley and Heerendeen raced their respective crafts to the end of the runway, with Shockley starting from a dead stop.

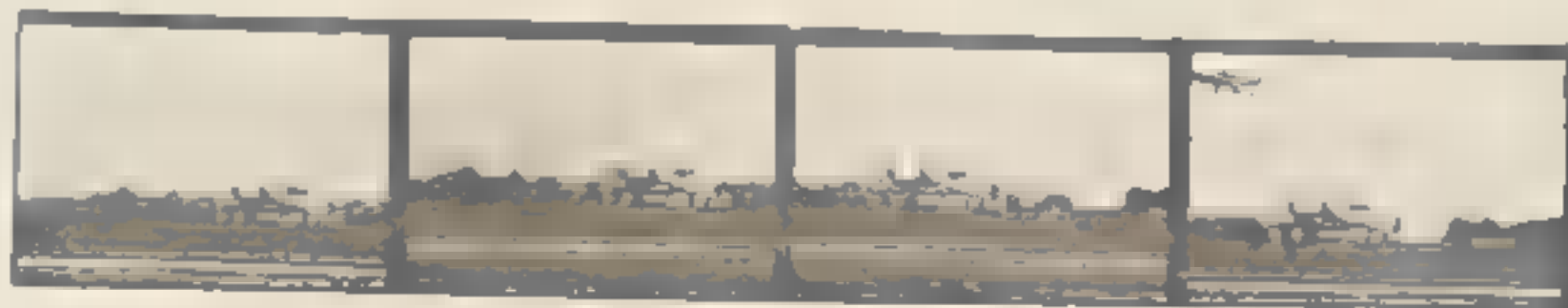
As the plane flew over the truck, Shockley ignited his engines, leaving a trail of fire and vapor for about 30 feet. The crowd went crazy at the sight, leaping to their feet, screaming and cheering, while small children cupped tiny hands over their ears to block out the noise.

Nearing a speed of 120 miles per hour at the start of the race, it was thought that the aircraft would be a shoe-in as winner of the contest, and it looked that way at the onset. However, Shockley had other plans. With jet turbines screaming like demons from the nether world, Shockley gunned his truck past the aircraft with a last minute thrust from the three large jet engines. He then deployed several huge parachutes at the finish to stop before he ran out of paved runway.

"Shockwave" is capable of producing 36,000 horsepower at the speed of sound. If stood on end, the truck would accelerate upward at a rate of nearly three G's.



SHOCK WAVE!



The Walls Have Ears

Continued from page 4

ing range. The figure mumbled, "You have made decisions that will affect the world, for you have been put to the test. You are not ready to die, you are good. You came into my residence tonight and burned several papers."

"I'm sorry I didn't know anybody lived here."

"No, you injured the house when you burned those documents because it didn't know its history anymore, nor did it have anything to let people know of its history. That's why you were tested. You were in charge of the shape of this house's outcome. But now the choices you have made altered the house's destiny and for that it thanks you. No longer will it be shrouded in darkness due to its dark history. No, now it can be proud of its inhabitants. Once the papers were burned, the house called for me to reinstate its history. Since you ended its life, you were in charge of making it remember what happened. If it was changed for the worse, you would have died."

"Who are you?"

"I am Destiny, I am Death."

Suddenly I woke up in front of a residence which was beautiful. Children ran and played around the building. The house no longer seemed to be so ancient and removed from society. It seemed like it belonged. Now, it seemed happy. As I walked down the path in front of it, I saw a black figure rise from the home. As I turned away, I heard a voice rumble softly and quietly, "Thank you." I'll never forget that old house with a past that listened to me, and I'll never forget the day when I was smiled upon by Death.

Suicide: The Final Solution

Bryan Brown

Avalon/12

To The Spirit (prose by Charles Stephens)

To the spirit of the chimes on top of a tall building, that every one knows with music that so beautifully plays all day.

and spirit to the chimes because you loved the beauty of life and music

I wonder how many people that hears the music if they know of your story and the love that you looked for. You thought you had found it but it was untrue.

At the time you didn't know you was coming to America

As I sit in my room and wonder about your story and hear your music I think of my search for love and though it was found but it was

You refused to stop looking for true love even with the heart ache you had. You look so long for it but, die before you could find it. Before you die you gave your soul

untrue also

I wonder at times if it will ever be found before this person dies.

I also refuse to stop looking for

it true love

Two Is For You And Me (To Toni)

an essay by Bryan Brown

Two is a fabulous number. It describes love so well, or at least my affection for you. I've been given two feet that can walk this world. But they would prefer to walk so that I could see your shimmering beauty for a prized moment. I've been given two eyes that can see all the beauty and love in the world. But they would prefer to see that beauty when you are with me. I've been given two hands that can work hard, calloused and blistered. But they would prefer the chance to touch the softness of your hands for a precious moment. I've been given two arms that can lift and carry the burdens of the world. But they would much rather be allowed to caress you for one tender moment. I've been given two ears that can hear the harsh words of the world. But they would choose a brief encounter with the melodious endeavors of your voice to this. I've been given two lips that can bare words of distress and pain. But they would much rather wait for the glorious day when they will be given the chance to say "I love you" and meet yours.

Suicide is an alternative to life that one takes when one sees no resolution to his or her problems. Depression is a symptom which indicates suicidal tendencies. Depression is a result of rejection, isolation, or abandonment. When depression becomes severe, the victim may choose to take his or her own life.

Suicide is a decision that includes many hours of contemplation. The suicidal victim discovers and analyzes the pros and cons of his or her life. The victim evaluates such things as parental insults, poor grades, an unfulfilled relationship, or cruel, foolish remarks that have stabbed their hearts. Cruelly and painfully, the victims bleed profusely inside until the pain is so burdensome that the only perceivable solution is to stop the bleeding by stopping the pain.

Suicide sometimes includes the feelings of others. The subject wonders if his or her personal pain and suffering is greater than that of his or her family and friends. The victim wonders if he or

she should commit such an act. If one commits suicide, one is regarded as selfish by the subject's feelings and the depression the victim experienced.

The act itself is what stops most victims from reaching a point where they ask if dying is worth living. Those who decide that dying is preferable face the scary part. They must decide on their method of execution. They know there is no guaranteed way to kill themselves. Questions such as "What if I fail?" and "What if I succeed?" becomes uppermost in their minds. The few who can reject these last minutes of life become cold, dead bodies in a cemetery.

This is the end of their lives, but the pain posed on the living is unimaginable. If only they could see the puzzlement which clutters their friend's minds. If only they could see that this is not the final solution.

Empty House

I came upon an empty house
lonely and quiet no child at play
Dark and White a sound not made
I looked upon the empty house
Trees stood like a lonely past
Only cracking paint and broken glass
I stood before an empty house
Naked from a feeling of love
In vacant loft nested a dove
I walked away from an empty house
Seeking not, Yet finding a road
Leaving behind an empty rogue

John G. Dill

Summer Song

Children singing through a fan,
Hide-go-seek and kick the can
Air conditioner's sleepy hum
Wrigley's spearmint chewing gum
Summer her sweet magic weaves
In the shade of emerald leaves

Basking in the golden sun,
Hitting a grand-slam home run
Swimming lessons in the park
Bedtime comes before dark

When summer's magic comes to mind
The sweetest spell that there you'll find
Fls in the light of fireflies
Reflected in the children's eyes

Myleah Denman

Mark Ancell

Mark Ancell

Poor Judgement

There was a time of laughter
and that was all we ever used
We played like mad children
and giggled at the news

But now is the time of staunch
we will never play in the rain
Watch us crush our lovers
as we try to avoid our pain

We won't slow down

Martel Edward Tignor

The Trial of Mr. Rose

Mr. Rose slept in his chair
Mrs. Rose found him there
He then awoke from his nap
She then handed him his cap
Off in the forest he did run
So that he could return with the sun
His gun in one hand, axe in the other
He ran down the road to find his brother
He found him there at the door
Laying face down on the floor

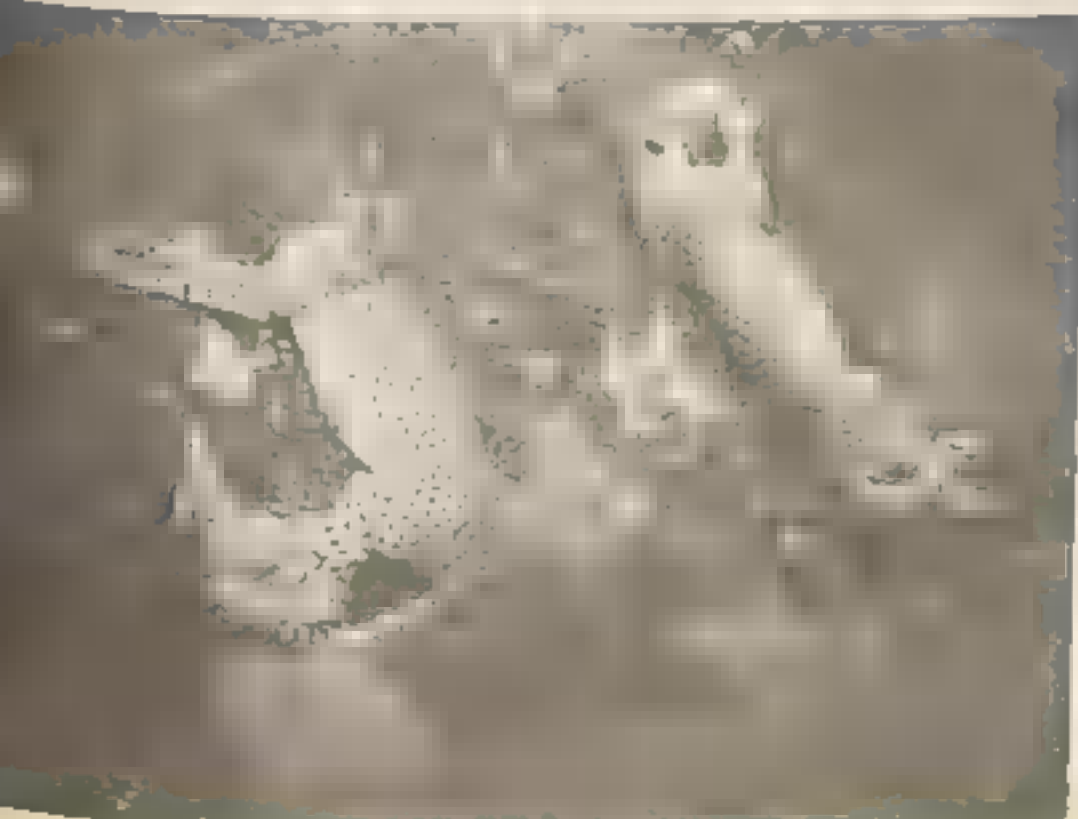
They hauled him off to the jail,
Put him in and posted no bail
He said to the judge, "I did not do it!"
The judge then said, "Sit down and I'll see right in it!"
They say I did it at a quarter of two
I don't believe it do I? do you?
I wasn't awake 'til a quarter of three
Yet you want my neck up in a tree?
Mrs. Rose didn't vouch for him, she had committed a terrible sin,
For when you are asleep your wife can go and come back again

Daniel Spain

Where Do They Go?

Rest your weary head, child;
for now the world seems mild
As I look into your angel-like eyes,
I realize that time does fly;
That yesterday wasn't so far away
And it's time to let you go today
and let you set seal for days ahead
I wish you would stay here instead
in your loving family's arms
where we know there is no harm
Try to remember us in the days ahead,
But for now rest your weary head

Bryan Brown



Oxford



Photos by
hsiao-hui Lin

Those Who Wait

The grass is never mowed, yet who sees
 The grass that feeds the sheep of peace

Other stories are told, not always true
 For the grass grows under the sun

The grass is always green, though you know
 It is not the grass that feeds the sheep

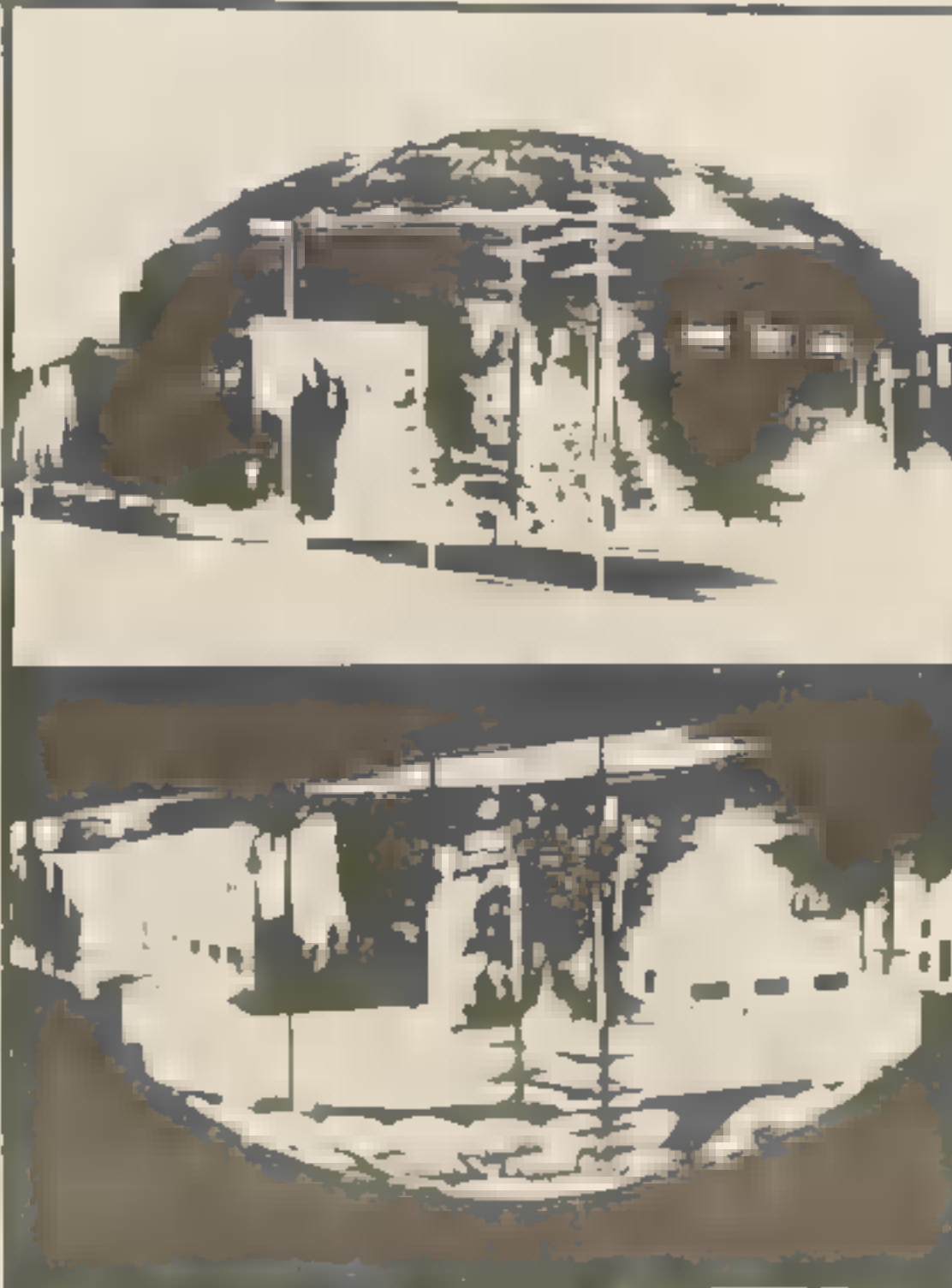
The grass is never mowed, yet who sees
 The grass that feeds the sheep of peace

John M. Dill

Doomsday Virtues

Faith, hope, and charity
 Now abide these three
 But charity is death, faith doomed
 And hope is lost at sea
 Confusion reigns throughout the land,
 The grip of fear is tight,
 And silent screams from ev'ry soul
 Echo through the night
 The wounds are deep in ev'ry soul
 But none can feel the pain
 The heavens weep continually
 But none can stop the rain
 Faith, hope, and charity
 Now abide these three
 But charity is death, faith doomed
 And hope is lost at sea

Myleah Denman



This World Is Unjust

The sun softly falls from the sky
 As another man quietly dies

The world recedes
 And the animals evolve

As one man is killed
 One man reaches the plateau of his hill

The man who is killed
 He has been killed

As The All-American Male
 As the other lies rotting in soil

The good men are dead
 And the evil men are bred

This world is unjust
 The world is not fair

Bryan Brown

Negative Reaction T. Rob Brown

Untitled

Original, young and old and new
 Their skins have turned to gray
 The laughter
 Of youth
 Flies no more from wrinkled lips
 Wisdom
 Cannot be discerned
 From unintelligible utterances
 Retribution from acts
 Past and present
 Never given
 Love and forgiveness
 For those beholden
 Farewell

Kenneth J. Paylor

I Advance Masked

Throughout these ages I have been known by many diverse names. I have been feared by fools and searched after by madmen. I have been— since the clock's first winding— I have been

I am the essence of time. The years of a lifetime can be felt in my visage. Within the passing of a shattered second I can show you the days of your eternity.

Blood is the vehicle of my entrapment. Once I am in your veins, I am in your innermost being. You become me— I, you.

I am fearful of no mortal wound. I cannot, myself, bleed. I can, however, evaporate from thirst for that which flows freely through your veins.

Blood is my Avatar. You, my fulfillment.

No man-made structure can confine my countenance. Walls of the strongest iron cannot impede my intrusion. The world without— the world within— I am everywhere. I know your name. I know the exact minute and hour of your demise.

I am frightened by no vision entertained unto man. No light, no enlightened being can keep from me that to which I am borne.

Although I have received no proper invitation, I am, nonetheless, present at your masquerade. Please allow me to comment on the magnificence

of your divine palace. Of the seven imperial suites the westernmost is especially to my liking.

If I may be so bold— your taste in decor is evenly matched by your choice of company. It is a rather grotesque crowd you have assembled to masquerade as tempters of fate.

Although my name did not appear on your list of invited friends, you were most certain of my ultimate arrival, certain of your own imminent departure, a postponement from which you surely know cannot be secured.

But do not feel alone in your destiny, my friend. Those gathered with you here on this eve shall most certainly join you in your celebration. The hour of their mortality is also at hand.

The design of this chamber of merriment is most clever, the likeness of which I have known, but never seen built to such extravagance. However, of the seven rooms only one, the one adorned with the colors of my delight, is useful for my purpose.

The six remaining rooms, including their occupants along with the good, bad, just, and unjust prevailing within their borders contain the full spectrum of illumination. From the brightest hue to the dimmest saturation. Every dimension of light, every shadow of darkness is represented in the dreams of their inhabitants.

As the clock, that unwavering symbol of preci-

**Blood is the vehicle
of my entrapment,
Once I am in your veins,
I am in your innermost being.
You become me— I, you.**

sion, struggles to remember what hour is late to the revelers who have accompanied you on meditation, embracing every dying second, sure if another hour awaits them— begin to dance. Not chronologically, but clockwise.

The clock, a mere fixture of convenience, is ultimately the tool of their undoing. When the pendulum comes to its final halt, unmoving in their eyes, the hour of their arrival will be upon them.

My presense among your fantasies has gone undetected until this opportune moment. As the clock's song announcing my arrival reverberates in aural splendor, all masks are hardened. As reality becomes illusion, falsity reveals the pinnate truth.

You cannot fight me. Your weapons of death are powerless against my wrath. All attempts at winning my acceptance with mere words or deception shall be met with obstinance.

The names used to personify my being are of little consequence. Call me Red Death, grim nature, natural in glory. My appearance is sudden, my action succinct. It is your name which holds import.

I advance masked
I seize all.

short fiction by
Mike L. Mallory

Edgar Allen Poe's *The Masque of The Red Death* takes on a new light—as seen by The Red Death itself.

The Ballad of Lige Pash

He was every inch of six feet four;
 in knee-high galoshes, his frame filled the door
 when he entered the Dew Drop Inn.
 Frost-bitten ears, red eyes oozing tears,
 tobacco stains in the cracks of his chin,
 fat moist lips, blotched, ruddy cheeks,
 his eyelids had scarcely a lash.
 I placed him at sixty,
 a huge make of a man
 that everyone knew as Lige Pash.
 A team of work horses, both of 'em white,
 one he rode when it rained.
 While we never knew why,
 he seemed a bit shy
 or like somebody nursin' his pain.
 Some said he had a place, a farm of his own—
 I don't know—just south of the gravel road, west.
 But he looked really poor, dirt poor to me,
 yet people liked him no less.
 Lige went it alone and he lived alone too, I guess;
 and with booze on his clothes, they reeked, heaven knows
 with a stench as bad as his breath.
 A brown paper sack was his usual pack
 for the bottles he took from the "Inn."
 He'd come rain or shine for whiskey or wine
 whenever his store wore thin.
 He looked as tough as Aldy or Zeke
 and his Osh-Kosh didn't cover 'im all;
 but not one to curse, and in spite of his size,
 he never mixed in a brawl.
 Lige walked very fast,
 We'd look up when he passed
 at his eyes—they were glassy blue;
 but his bills were paid up
 with the town butcher's shop
 and the men all gave him his due.
 One winter evening when it was startin' to snow,
 I saw Lige Pash leavin' town.
 Knee-high galoshes, a sack 'neath his arm,
 He rode up the hill all alone.
 Lige was always alone.
 A huge figure on his big horse
 facin' the wind and the cold,
 ridin' alone, headed home.

Dr. Vernon L. Peterson

Binding Ties

It seems like only yesterday,
 That we were just two kids at play.
 Back then life was a simple thing—
 A game to play, a song to sing.
 But soon our lives began to change—
 Familiar things turned into strange.
 Now in our search for something more
 We find ourselves on sep'rate shores.

But though we wander far and wide,
 Someday I'll find you at my side.
 Then we will renew the old—
 For some friendships are silver—
 But ours is gold.

Myleah Denman

The Adventurer

The times have changed
 The leaves have turned
 All things are different
 Then you have learned

Up is down
 Black is white
 Night is day
 And day is night

The winds have blown
 And changed their course
 Histories voice
 Is old and hoarse

The dawn of a new age
 Is coming all last
 Lift up the sails
 To the top of the mast

Sail up front
 On the perch of the bow
 The wind is behind us
 The adventure is now

Greg Hoover

FOR TRUDY

Laughter
 Smiles
 From pouting lips
 Hands on hips
 Tossing curls
 Rich
 In the ways of joy
 Sweet aroma
 Of life
 Spitfire
 Tempering her love
 With searing tongue
 Understanding
 Power

Kenneth J. Paylor

SOUTHBOUND SATELLITE

Going to go to town
 and turn off all the lights
 semaphore signals
 from a Southbound Satellite

Going to paint the streets red
 carrying a flag of white
 sending a message to
 a Southbound Satellite

Stuck in transit
 station turn around
 transmit to the planet
 transmit underground

Sending a message to
 a Southbound Satellite
 East meets West
 two ideals divide

Rockets to Russia
 making friends in space
 star wars to hush us
 crushed by false hate

Sending a message to
 a Southbound Satellite
 East greets West
 two worlds collide

Going to cruise downtown USSA
 missile launch LAZ rocket
 going to rock it to space
 going to annihilate hate

Stuck in transit
 nation turn around
 transmit to the station
 transmit ultrasound

Going to paint the streets red
 carrying a flag of white
 semaphore signals
 to a Southbound Satellite

Falling to the ground
 is a Southbound Satellite

Mike L. Mallory
 7-24-89

Long Ago and Far Away

"They gaped upon me with their mouths, as a ravening and a roaring lion. I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint: my heart is like wax; it is melted in the midst of my bowels. My strength is dried up like a potsherd; and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws, and thou hast brought me into the dust of death." (Psalms 22:13-15)

Long ago and far away
two small children went out to play
when a strange sight caught their eyes
there, on the western horizon, bright as a sunrise

Long ago, in a far away land
strange fire burned the desert sand
mothers cradled their children as they cried
they huddled together and wept and died

Long ago and far away
two small children went out to play
their laughter shall never again be heard
for Earth was as dry as a potsherd

Long ago and far away
who, for this atrocity, will pay
for so much has been lost
in this foolish game of nuclear holocaust

John L. Ford

My Dream

In a dream about seventy days ago
I saw the people move towards their goal,
because they saw what was ahead.
Together with the honor of the knight
they turned against the oppressors to fight
because they almost came to the end
The Bay of Pigs...
Adolf Hitler...
Lament over Vietnam...
But they saw that they were stronger,
wanted war to last no longer
and they all walked hand in hand

Martel Edward Tignor

Life's Lesson

I say life is learning to love
and you say 'tis nothing but survival.
Open your eyes and listen to the laughter,
tell me how we can survive if we share our smiles.
And tell me how destroying our "enemy" will bring
brighter days,
for if we knew to truly love, there'd be no
enemy in the first place.

Martel Edward Tignor

flag-burning
slaying
shooting
investigation
abortion
fugitive
Tax Court
racism
scam
trial
Credibility

'War'

"I read the news today"

Mike L. Mallory
7-26-89

Time

Summer's green leaves spinning on furrows of time...
They walked down along the road bed. Drifting...
Autumn's Earth harvest turns the rich color, brown...
They fall and whisper through wind-fingers of russet and gold
Making dark mosaic sun and sky prints.

T. Rob Brown

Grief Chief

Grief Chief
smoking peace pipe
disbelief by society
of his dreams

Meaning of—love
living of life—tomorrow
loving of life—tomorrow

Next week—weakness
promises featured in a daydream
sensory—scenery—green eyes
Loving of life—tomorrow

Grief Chief
taking more time
relief from taxation
of dreams

Meaning of love
living of life—tomorrow
loving of life—tomorrow

Mike L. Mallory

Goodbye

Goodbye, my hopes;
For I know not, how to cope.
Goodbye, my dreams;
For I know not how I should be.
Goodbye, my love;
For you left like a dove
Goodbye, my friend;
For this just can not mend.
To tomorrow I say goodbye,
and also to you I say goodbye.

Bryan Brown

Beauty?

Standing in the piercing presence of your beauty
I stand speechless and alone.
Knowing full how elusive beauty can be.
Thinking of how misleading a disguise can be.
Wondering why deceit caresses your body.

Martel Edward Tignor

The Sleeper

Deep, within the eye of my mind
I feel, a lifting of some kind

O, the day to live again, only to fall away
To seek, the fun and love, I may

Only to seek below, once more
Deep within the mind's closed door.

John G. Dill

Untitled

The old
Bestowing knowledge
Exaggerated stories
On the young
Heritage
Of days gone by
Tired
Worn from the work of ages
The heart that has loved
Gives way
Leaving—
Precious memories
Caught up in the hearts
And minds
Of those who cherish
Goodbye.....
Grand-Dad

Kenneth J. Paylor



Old Trails

The woodlands dark and deep
Like a twilight's sleep;

Musky leaves, tall slender pines
air, like lonely pines;

Walk a trail of thousands before;
Seeking life's only door.

John G. Dill

STUDENT

Teacher, teacher I declare
I don't seem to get nowhere;
I can't read and I can't write
though I've studied day and night
How can I learn to survive
when you don't know that I'm alive?
How can I learn to appreciate
the things in life beyond my gate?
If I can't learn to hear to spell
can't you see, can't you tell,
or do I just stand here and yell?
That I'm not smart just all alone
it's with your help I'll carry on,
If I could even figures lob
I could go out and get a job.

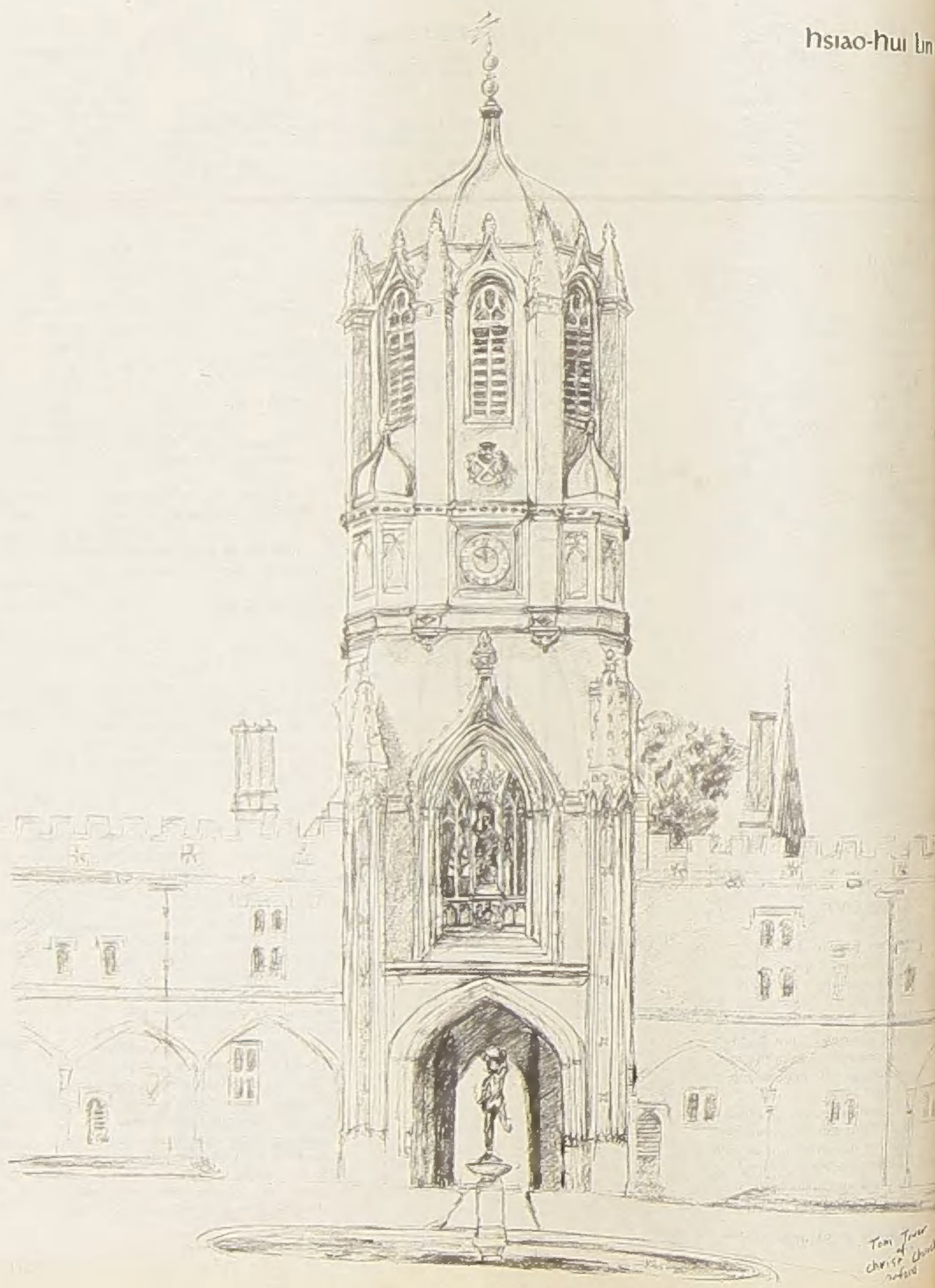
Thomas A. Shaffer

"A Wizard" by T. Rob Brown

TEACHER

Student, student, I can teach
but you've got listen, got to reach
for a star somewhere in life
if you plan to take a wife;
She will be there by your side
wouldn't you rather it be with pride
that her man does something well
than just sit, drink beer and smell;
That something done can please her so,
if you're not learned she may just go
off with someone else she sees
and leave you there upon your knees.
so don't just sit and wait in hear
look at books, use your ear
to hear, really hear what's being said,
don't let it pass right through your head.

Thomas A. Shaffer



Tower of
choise Church
1870